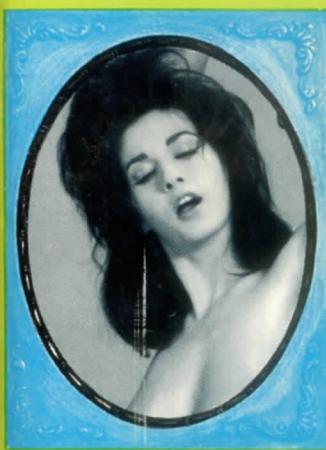
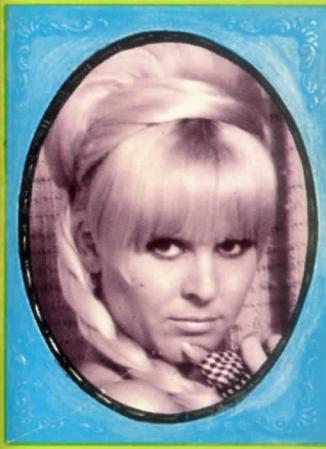


# HIP & toe



Introducing the Air Strip Peter & the Motive Spies

I Was the Catch of the Season Put On A Happy Face

There's A New Look Relax, Darle At Play Frothy Ritual

Vol. 3, No. 5 ADULTS ONLY

\$1.50



# HIP & TOE

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

- Who Cares If The Gravy Train Never Arrives -- Pictorial
- I Was The Catch of the Season -- Pictorial
- There's A New Look -- Pictorial
- Put On A Happy Face -- Pictorial
- Introducing the Air Strip -- Pictorial
- Spies -- Pictorial
- Relax, Darlene At Play -- Pictorial
- Peter and the Motive -- Fiction
- Frothy Ritual -- Article
- Report on Rubber Goods -- Report
- Gloves -- Take the "G" & You Have Love



**IF  
YOU'RE  
A  
GAD-A-  
BOUT**

...go places  
...do things...  
here...there...  
everywhere!

VOL. 3, NO. 5

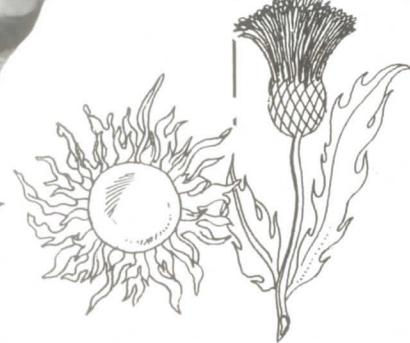
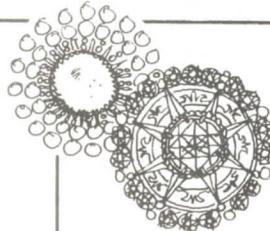
November, December, January Issue

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AND  
YOU'RE  
MAD  
ABOUT

... clear  
radiant skin ...  
luminous, fresh  
complexion ...  
young,  
sunlit look!





Who cares if the gravy boat never arrives!

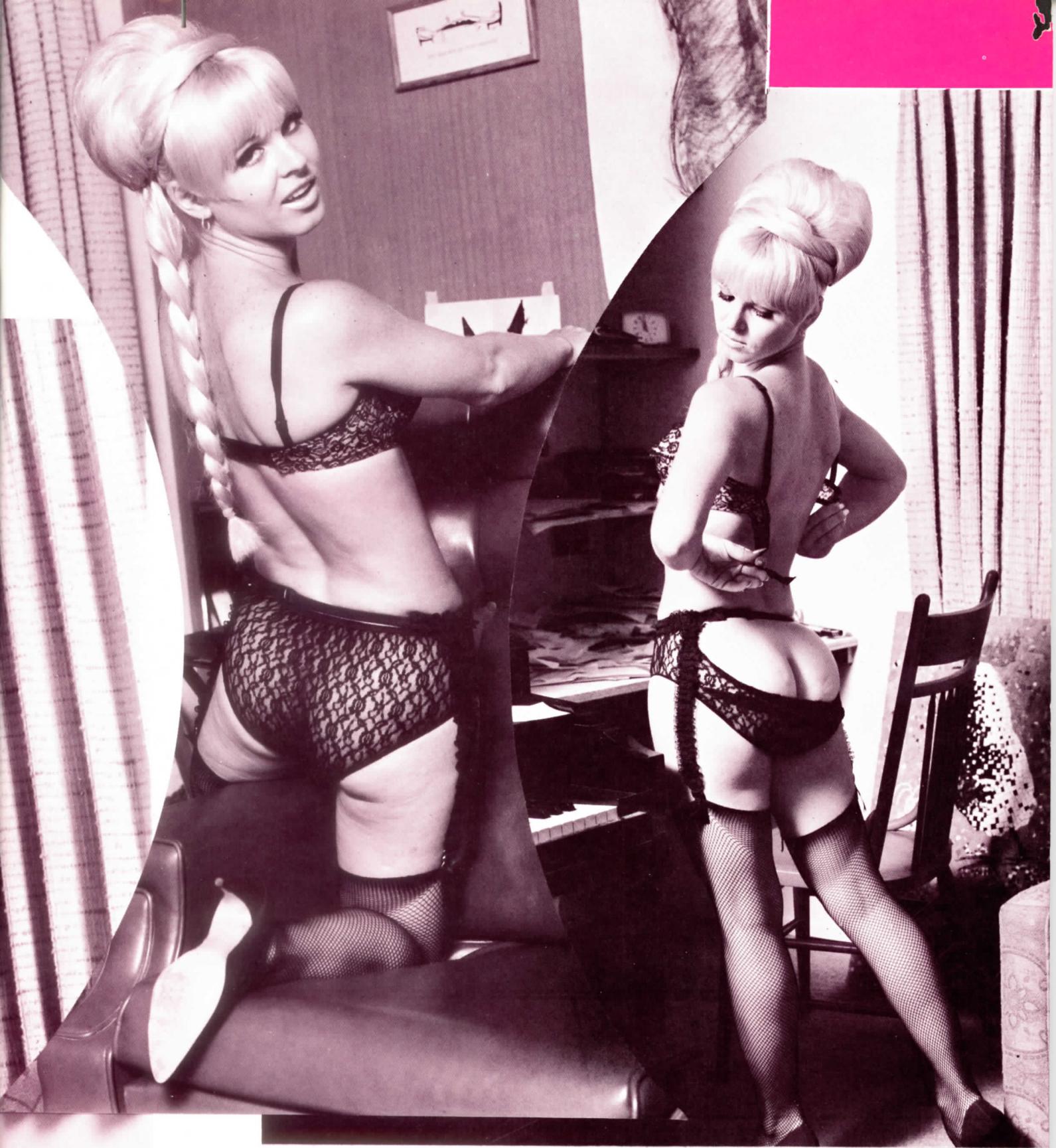






"I do not wish compensation," she said flatly. "Where shall I dress . . . er undress?" Persistent she was, and when she did talk it was right to the point. No unnecessary conversation, none of the usual chit-chat, just get right down to business. "Tell me what you want," she said. "I have never done this before and do not quite know what is expected of me." This last statement, of course, confused us all the more.





She arrived in a chauffeur-driven Jaguar, completely unannounced and equally unexpected. "I understand," she asked, "that you are looking for figure models. I wish to pose for your magazine." That was it, simple, sweet and right to the point. "Are you aware," we asked, "what the modeling fee is? It is understandable that a woman who drives up in a chauffeur-driven Jaguar must have been misinformed as to the remuneration involved — she was obviously very well off.





It was at this point, that the office phone rang and a foreign-sounding male voice asked for Teresa. The conversation that followed was completely unintelligible. She spoke in a foreign tongue, unlike any we have ever heard in the past, and seemed to be arguing with the person on the other end of the line. She abruptly hung the receiver up and directed us to proceed with our shooting.









# Peter And the Motive

## Simplicity was his theory of perfection— but it had one fatal error!

Inspector Grayson lifted his brandy snifter, savored the pungent fumes, and sipped slowly. There was a fire in his den, a comfortable leather chair, and a long well worn upholstered sofa under the wall of books just opposite the cluttered desk. Peter Masters, young philosophy lecturer at the university and old friend of the Inspectors, sat on the couch. He was drinking coffee, taking small and nervous gulps of the hot liquid between quick puffs of his cigarette. Yet for all his abrupt mannerisms, he spoke with a calm detachment.

"But surely, Inspector, there have been murders that have never been solved. There has in fact been a 'perfect' crime committed many times over. How do you account for that?"

"On the contrary, Peter, there is no such thing as a perfect crime. That is, of course, when we speak of crime as being something with motivation. And murder, my friend, almost always has a motivation. You see, in every instance of murder, the victim knows the killer well."

"Then why isn't every murder solved?"

"I said in a *crime* of murder. I'm ruling out the acts of maniacs, and those are the most difficult to solve. If a person gets it into his head to kill just for the simple act of killing, he would be wise to select a stranger as a victim, kill him and then just go about his life as he had always. Since the police take every murder as being the act of someone close to the victim, a killer who has never seen the intended victim until he kills him, there is no way to ever catch him. But that situation means insanity. For murder to be a crime, it must have one or more of the accepted motivations, passion, fear, greed. You know."

Peter Masters snuffed out his cigarette and drank the last of his coffee. "I suppose you're right, Inspector. But what of the perfectly sane person, like the murderer I could commit by walking down the street and beating someone

on the head? I mean, suppose I were to leave here now, drive over to a neighborhood where I'm unknown and pick at random a victim and kill him?"

"You'd be caught, Peter."

"But you said that a murder without motivation by a stranger would be nigh impossible to detect."

"True. But I said you'd be caught. Your conscience would turn you in. You'd be unable to live with yourself after killing another human. Or has the philosophy business made you indifferent to human life?"

Peter Masters laughed and rose from the sofa. He was a tall thin young man, but with wide shoulders and powerful arms from years of tennis and a daily workout of handball. His head was large, as if to emphasize the fact that he had been a Phi Beta Kappa at twenty and a university lecturer at twenty-two. He was, in short, the golden boy of his generation. A product of wealthy parents, he also had the mental capacity to accept the challenge of intellectuality that the best schools in America and Europe could offer. Yet he was not a snob. His students, after an initial hostility because of Peter's youth, grew to admire him, came to respect in full quota of awe his amazing gifts.

"Well, enough murder for tonight, Inspector," he said, picking up his sports jacket and slipping into it. "I know you must be tired, and I have an early class. Thanks for dinner and when you write dad, tell him that I'm getting along just fine on my salary. His last letter contained a thousand dollars, more money than I really know what to do with."

"I wish this old policeman would just once be able to say that. Okay, my boy, I'll tell him to make the checks out to me, for your food bills if nothing else. Goodnight, Peter. Will we see you Sunday?"

The young man stopped at the door, held onto the knob and nodded his head. "About two?"

"Fine. We'll have a roast beef, but come early, and we can continue our discussions of crime and murder."

Peter said another good night and left. The night was darker than usual, without moon or stars, and at this hour, Peter thought, without much light from any houses. He walked over to the curb and stepped into his car, lingered a moment before inserting the key in the ignition, then made a decision to start up.

The drive back to the campus was a quicker ride at one in the morning. It took him less than ten minutes. As he came into the parking lot by his apartment, he suddenly felt more animated than he had in months, a tingling of feeling that he once experienced as a child. What? Anticipation he told himself. It was as though something were about to happen. A lingering excitement. But what?

A perfect crime, he thought, is the one committed by a stranger for no reason. Of course that means insanity, according to the Inspector. But does it?

Peter snapped his fingers and almost laughed. But of course there can be a perfect crime, he said to himself. And it will have motivation, and it will be a stranger, and it will be impossible to detect.

He was still smiling as he stepped into the elevator and rode up to his floor. As if in speeded up animation, his mind began building the factors of the perfect crime, a crime of a deep and mentally exciting nature that would hold for Peter Masters a perfectly exquisite motivation, the motivation of challenge. He would kill to see if it could be done, and it could be done. He knew it. He knew it, and the titillating idea bounced around his head like a ball, ricocheting against corners of hidden emotions that Peter himself was unaware ever existed.

Murder, he said to himself, letting the word pour out of his mouth like syrup from a bottle, a bubbling soft sound that hardly denoted the crashing violence of the act. He pulled over his undershirt and grabbed his silk pajamas. A night to ruminate, he said again to the walls of his room, and Peter Masters climbed into bed.

He awoke earlier than his usual hour, dressed in a haste that he had never shown in his life, and ate an enormous breakfast, the most contradictory thing he had ever done. Never since he was old enough to remember had he eaten anything but juice and coffee for a morning repast.

Peter fretted at the hour. He was too early for his first class, and it made him more nervous than usual. One cigarette then another. But he calmed himself as he began to think of his crime. It was his crime, that perfect murder, that undetectable act of violence with a motivation of challenge. When would he do it? Tonight. He made up his mind that tonight would be the meeting of that

challenge and the accomplishment of the perfect crime.

No planning would be necessary, he told himself. A crime of murder is best when unplanned. That way there is nothing to go amiss. But an outline of what would happen ran through his mind in spite of himself. He knew as he sat behind the lectern that this very night, in the cloak of darkness at an hour best suited for the nosy mass of humanity to be asleep, some stranger to him would die at his hand.

"Is anything wrong, Mr. Masters?"

A girl had entered the class and was staring at him wide-eyed. He looked back at her without being aware of really seeing her, then he realized that she had been speaking to him.

"Ah, no. I was just trying to iron out a little problem that came up last night. Interesting kind of thing that has held me puzzled all morning. I'm sorry if I drifted so far away that I was unable to see my first student arrive."

"It's all right," the girl said, dropping her gaze from Peter's face and looking at her shoes. Peter thought he detected a blush, but then the girl was gone to her seat and soon the room began filling up.

He started his lecture on a general basis of western philosophical thought, reaching back to Socrates and leap-frogging to occasional divergent ideas of Hegel, Nietzsche, Marx and Russell. He spoke rapidly, but with a clarity that his students understood. But Peter himself felt that something was missing. He would pause at odd moments and had to force his mind back into the proper channel. Murder came up to his forethoughts and he had to push it aside to get at the business at hand.

Peter's other classes went almost the same way, if anything, they were worse. He felt taut as a drumhead by the time he dismissed his last class of the day. Three cigarettes and several cups of coffee did not help, but he kept himself from reaching for the tranquilizer pills he carried because the tension was necessary and the relief of it would come in the most extraordinary manner.

Again his laugh cracked the silence of his office as he thought of what his psychiatrist of so long ago would think of Peter's solution to hypertension: murder.

The mirth did not last, and for the first time in his life, Peter was

losing his grip on the routine of his job. The thesis before him seemed remote. He thumbed through the pile, seeking out one that he thought showed promise, but on reading it, he was dismayed that he couldn't follow it and had to go back and start anew. Finally he threw down his pencil and decided to leave it. Another thesis was on his mind, and it couldn't wait.

"Leaving early, Pete?" It was the chairman of the department. "I thought we might have a chance to talk over those thesis papers for the graduate seminar."

"I'm not feeling very well, Professor," Peter said with a pained expression. "I thought I'd run out and have an early supper and get a long rest. Can we do it tomorrow?"

"Of course, Pete. There's really no rush, but you were the one who asked me over. Well, take care of yourself. I'll see you tomorrow."

Peter cursed himself for neglecting the papers, but he could do nothing about it until . . . well, until, he said to himself with a smile.

Dinner was perfunctory, a salad, a steak and still more cups of coffee. Peter felt his pulse racing, but he was calm on the outside. The expected shaking of his hand did not appear nor did he perspire any more than usual. A good omen, he thought and he finished his supper.

Since there would be no need for an alibi, he did not bother making an elaborate excuse to account for his time. There were no movies he wanted to see. No books he had to have from the library. No one to invite to his apartment.

It was very much daylight when he walked into his apartment, and Peter knew it would be many hours before he could carry out his theme, his premise for murder, as he had already begun calling it. He picked up a book and began reading, immersing himself in it as he sat deeply in his easy chair. The hours sped by and only once did he look out the window to see the street lights flicker on and the last of the twilight dim into black night.

Then it was time.

Peter changed into an old pair of comfortable dark colored slacks, put on a dark shirt and pulled on a dark sweater. No need to have the incumbrances of a jacket, a thing with buttons which might get lost or threads that could be impaled on a victim's hangnail. Incriminating and

more easily traceable than anyone really thought. He put on a pair of rubber soled sneakers and felt that he was now dressed for the most daring part of his career.

The street was deserted, its darkness broken only by the islands of light directly under the street lamps. Peter did not drive. Cars made noise and had license plates and were perverse mechanisms which could refuse to start on the damndest occasions. He walked with a lightness in his step a palpitating pace that measured the stride of quickness and echoed the beating of his heart.

A couple were necking in a car up ahead of him on one street and he crossed over to remain out of sight, but they were involved with their own passion and would not have seen him at any rate. They were the only signs of humanity he found in six blocks of rapid walking.

Then as he turned the corner of a street he had never been to before, he saw his victim. The man was a block in front of him, walking slowly and bent over as if in thought or in the cruel twist of a hunchback. Peter was too far away to know from seeing, too far away in his plan for the perfect crime for caring. He walked swiftly and quietly on the soles of his rubber shoes, making sounds hardly louder than the breathing of a man.

He closed the gap to half a block, quarter of a block. Still the man did not turn nor hasten his stride. A car sped past, catching Peter brilliantly in its headlights, but going much too fast to ever be of significance. Then Peter was only a few yards behind the man.

He came up a yard behind him. Now, he thought. But then he couldn't, couldn't face it. There was no weapon at hand. Peter halted, letting the hump backed man walk on in his private reverie as Peter stood frozen to the pavement in a screaming silence of stupidity. He turned on himself and cursed that frailty of mind which could grasp the most esoteric ideas of the greatest minds of civilization, but forgot that even the most perfect murderer needs a weapon.

The plan was not lost, however, as Peter quickly put his wits together and sped down an alley. There, under the garbage can, he found a short length of pipe. When he came back out of the alley, he could just see the man turning the far corner.



It took Peter less than three minutes to come up as close to the man as he had been before. Then Peter was only a few feet away. The man walked on without turning and without showing that he knew someone was behind him, if indeed he knew.

The pipe caught the man behind the ear with a soft crunching sound. Peter brought the pipe down again and again. Enough, cried a voice inside. And Peter stopped. But no need to run. Just walk quietly and swiftly away from the man whom Peter knew was dead with a crushed skull. But who was the man? No need to know, Peter said, and he walked away.

Sleep came fitfully, but it came in a relaxing release of the pentup tension he had felt all day. Soft and embracing sleep, quiet for the jangled nerves.

He awoke feeling refreshed, exhilarated at the thought of what he had accomplished. Perfection had been achieved.

Peter's breakfast was the same as the morning before, and he went at it with new gusto, savoring the tastes of eggs and sausage and the bitter rich hotness of the coffee. He would cut classes this day, he thought, and stopped eating long enough to reach out and pick up the phone. He made the call to the school and returned to his food.

The thesis was finished. There was nothing else to do...but no. It couldn't be this way, he thought. Then he laughed at himself. No, he said aloud, there will be no accolades, no plaudits for the brilliance of the Masters cunning. Pun unintentional, he said gayly, and dressed quickly. First stop, the newsstand for an account on the most baffling case the police have come up with in

years, he said to himself imitating the scandal sheet's tone.

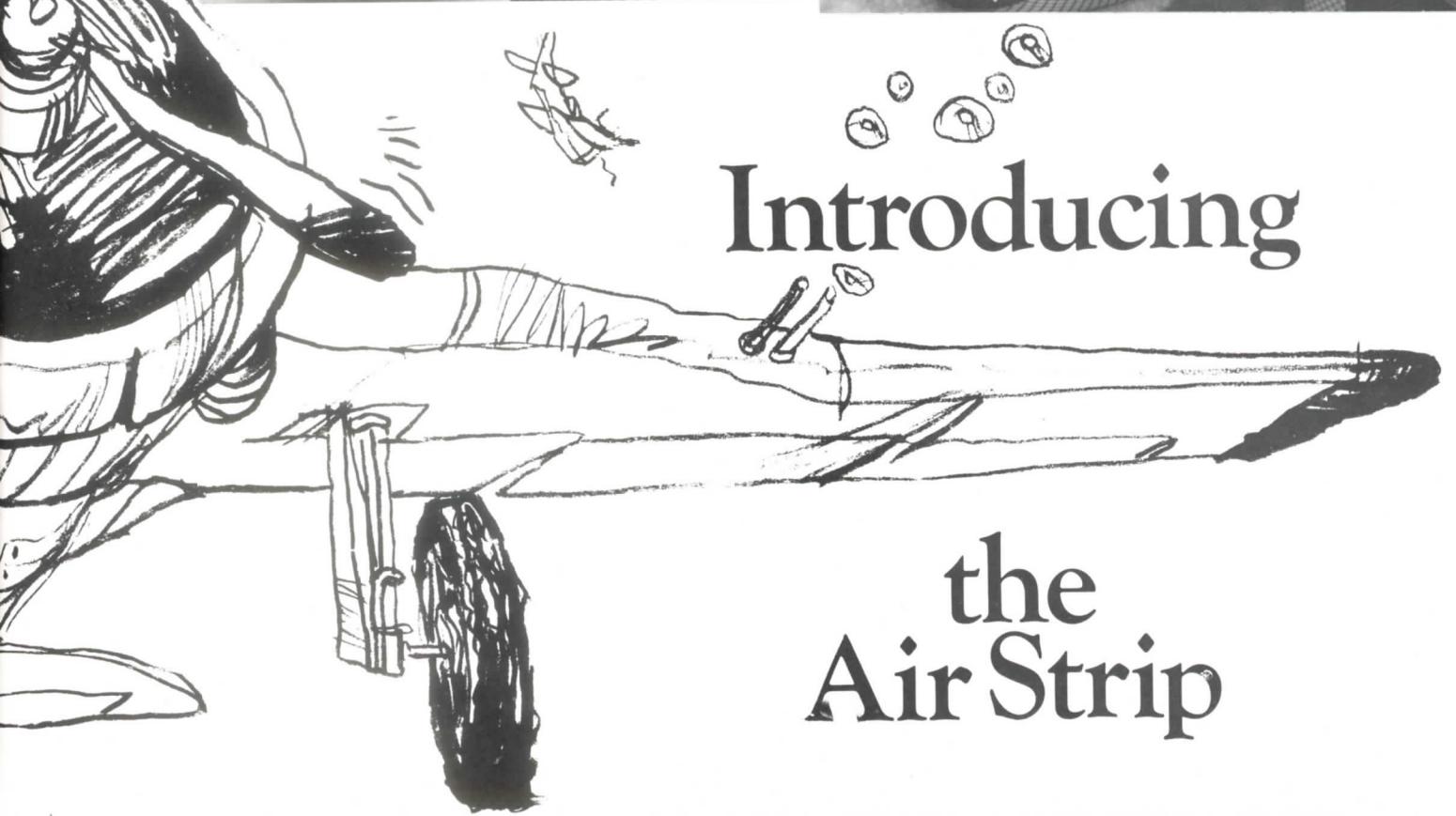
Peter walked quickly down to the corner, glanced over the papers on the stand and seemed surprised that the crime did not blast out at him in scareheads. An earthquake in South America dominated the news. Early editions? Of course, he answered himself and returned home to wait for the next papers to come out. His radio was no help either.

The apartment became stuffy even with the windows open. After an hour of waiting, Peter could take it no more and he left to walk about in freedom, a holiday from the plodding minds of his classes, an escape from a growing anticipation of what the news would say about the murder. He walked down streets and over pavement that was strange but not unfamiliar.

And he suddenly realized why. He turned the next corner and stood frozen in his path. It couldn't be... He made a strangled scream that he wanted to keep inside, but it was a scream of terror and it had to come out to pierce the stillness of the daylight. The old man with his twisted back was still there with a pool of sticky darkness around his broken head.

"We've been waiting for you, Peter," the Inspector said quietly. "Pity we'll never be able to finish our discussion of murder. You almost made it, my friend. But you are much too brilliant for the elementary aspects of murder." The Inspector lit his pipe. "You forgot that the criminal always returns to the scene of the crime. Now do you want to tell me the whole story? Peter laughed. He was laughing all the way to the gallows.





Introducing

the  
Air Strip

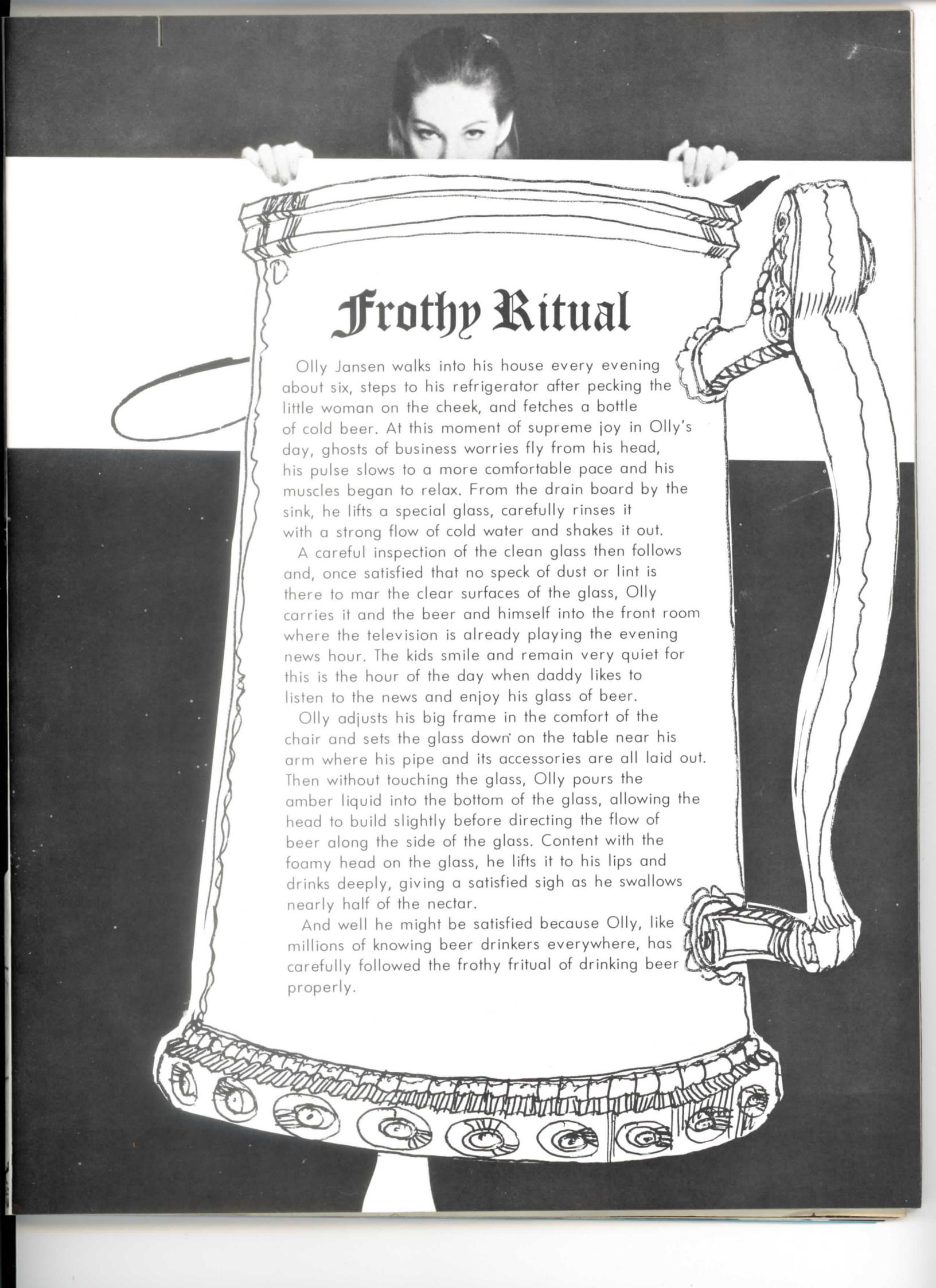


When Gina heard what we wanted, she responded with all the gusto that made the Roman Empire what it is today. The trick, it seems, is not what you do, but as the old saying goes, how you do it. Yes, that's right. Gina eats all she wants, whenever she wants (and from our experience that seems to be most of the time) without ever gaining an ounce, all because of what she calls "chairesthetics."









## Frothy Ritual

Olly Jansen walks into his house every evening about six, steps to his refrigerator after pecking the little woman on the cheek, and fetches a bottle of cold beer. At this moment of supreme joy in Olly's day, ghosts of business worries fly from his head, his pulse slows to a more comfortable pace and his muscles began to relax. From the drain board by the sink, he lifts a special glass, carefully rinses it with a strong flow of cold water and shakes it out.

A careful inspection of the clean glass then follows and, once satisfied that no speck of dust or lint is there to mar the clear surfaces of the glass, Olly carries it and the beer and himself into the front room where the television is already playing the evening news hour. The kids smile and remain very quiet for this is the hour of the day when daddy likes to listen to the news and enjoy his glass of beer.

Olly adjusts his big frame in the comfort of the chair and sets the glass down on the table near his arm where his pipe and its accessories are all laid out. Then without touching the glass, Olly pours the amber liquid into the bottom of the glass, allowing the head to build slightly before directing the flow of beer along the side of the glass. Content with the foamy head on the glass, he lifts it to his lips and drinks deeply, giving a satisfied sigh as he swallows nearly half of the nectar.

And well he might be satisfied because Olly, like millions of knowing beer drinkers everywhere, has carefully followed the frothy fritual of drinking beer properly.

# Frothy Ritual

For a beverage so universally popular as beer is, there are surprisingly a horrifying number of people who do not mind drinking beer from a bottle or a paper container, of people who actually pour their beer down the side of the glass, carefully eliminating any kind of head whatsoever and of others who would not touch a drop of the golden drink unless it was bone-chilling cold. If you happen to do any of the above traversities to this noble drink, you're missing a lot of enjoyment.

In the first place, the real experts, the brewers themselves will tell you that a good head on a beer is very desirable since it captures the carbonization and holds for the length of time it takes to finish a glass. Not only that, it provides the beer with a chance to get "aerated" a little, thus liberating any stagnant or dead bubbles which would flatten the beer quickly.

Obviously drinking beer right from the bottle is hardly the way to give it a good head, but then if it's a hot dry day and you just don't happen to have a beer glass hand—one that is wet and one that has never been used for anything else but beer—it's our guess that few guys would refuse the drink. The same thing is true for drinking beer out of paper containers. Beer drinkers, even the most finicky ones, would hardly expect to have a set of glassware around the emotion-filled arena of a baseball park. But except for that place, there's just about nowhere else where one would have to accept a brew from a Dixie cup.

While most would agree that American beer should be served cold, there is still a good argument

for not having it so bone-jarring cold that it makes one's teeth chatter. Brewers and experienced bartenders tell us that the lager type most often served in this country is best about forty-five degrees, plenty cold enough to stave off the effects of 90-degree heat waves, but not so frigid as to mask all the flavor.

Lager, however, is not the only type of brew throughout the world. Although certainly this bright, clear and lightly flavored brew is the most popular, there are other types which should be tried out once in a while.

There's ale, and although quite popular among foreign born citizens, its heavier flavor and more bitter taste have never caught on as well as lager.

Bock beer, of course, is almost a laugh in this country. The real bock is a dark caramel color beer that is much sweeter than lager, although in this country, it most often tastes no different than lager. Sometimes, it tastes as though ordinary lager were merely given a brunette rinse. Since bock is a seasonal drink, being prepared in the cold weather for the coming spring, it makes a few sales in March and about six weeks thereafter.

Porter and stout just about wind up the brewers' bag of tricks. The former is a very dark ale, heavy coffee-cream colored head and highly recommended as a nighttime tonic for frayed nerves. Stout is an even heavier, darker ale than porter and for most Americans at least it takes some experience to get used to it.

Both porter and stout should be served at room temperature, but keep in mind that England and Ire-

land, the native home of these heady brews, have room temperatures that are a helluva lot cooler than American steam-heated apartments. Take that room temperature guide and make it about sixty degrees.

The Japanese have a drink which many Americans feel is beer and it is often dumped into the same category. Sake is not a true beer, however, and rightfully it should be classed as a wine or even a brandy. Refermenter from rice grain, it has, as any ex-G.I. once stationed in the Orient will tell you, a helluva lot more alcoholic content than American beer. Still it is not a beer. But the Japanese do make some great beer. Try some Asahi some time for a taste treat. It's a light brew, clear and clean to the taste, but with a completely different flavor than lager.

There are those who hold that beer can make an excellent base for a mixed drink. That may be, but the only combination of a beer with anything else is that fabulous Canadian and English blast called a Black Velvet, made with equal portions of stout and champagne. Even if you like neither stout's pungent flavor nor the effete taste of champagne, you'll more than likely love a Black Velvet. The stout loses a lot of its bitter flavor and the champagne takes on some guts. Strictly a man's drink, although the gals will swill it down with the best of us.

The classic boiler-maker is rarely made today. That old-time favorite actually mixed the bourbon and beer. Today's drinkers prefer a straight shot with a beer chaser, and although not a true boiler-maker, it's got the name.

From Russia comes an interesting use of beer. Some of our state department people have reported tasting and liking the following: a cup of beer, a teaspoon of honey heated to just below boiling. This writer confesses to acute nausea

just at the thought of it.

This is not to say that some might love it, and the only real revulsion in the above concoction is the addition of honey. Beer can be enjoyed while hot, in fact at one time it was served that way in winter time—with a hot poker plunged into the steaming mug!

Stepping aside from merely

drinking it, beer is an excellent "liquid" for cooking. Try braised short ribs or pot roast, substitute beer for the amount of liquid

But anyway you might take your beer, you can have the satisfaction of knowing that it is one of the most healthful beverages ever devised by man—and also one of the very first! In the first place it's not over-fat-

tening, having only about 100 calories in the eight-ounce glass. It also contains vitamins B-1, B-2, B-6, carbohydrates, calcium, niacin, and phosphorous—and also about three and one-half per cent alcohol—which is about the only reason a lot of people prefer it to ginger ale.

So drink up, but don't let your head get flat!



"I didn't want to leave before I thanked you PERSONALLY for your hospitality!!"



"Sex, and the way it is used in pictures today, particularly the spy pictures, is really another form of violence, quite removed from love. There is no exchange of deep feeling. It is rather a form of aggression. The woman is treated as an object, not a subject—another aspect of the hot-rod car—something to get a charge or kick out of."



*Suddenly it's Spring!*





These pictures were shot by two creative and inventive photographers who used the same model to illustrate their own imaginative concepts on how she should be photographed.

Sit back and relax. The daydream unfolds with all our favorite actors: Bond, Leamas, Flint, Solo, Kuryakin. They are spies, our heroes now, and why not? A spy knows what's going on. You don't. He knows who's after us. You don't. He knows why. You don't. And, without penalty, he can do what he wants to about it—kill, steal, maim, rape, lie, cheat, travel, live it up. But you can't.

The spy is a man in control of himself, capable of taking action, an old-fashioned freeman, but still very modern in



that science is his mode, sex his pleasure. A wonderful daydream; who would resist it?

Thus if the spy now plays an okay role, spying itself must not be so bad. So the spy in all of us begins to surface. In public or in private we are unable to

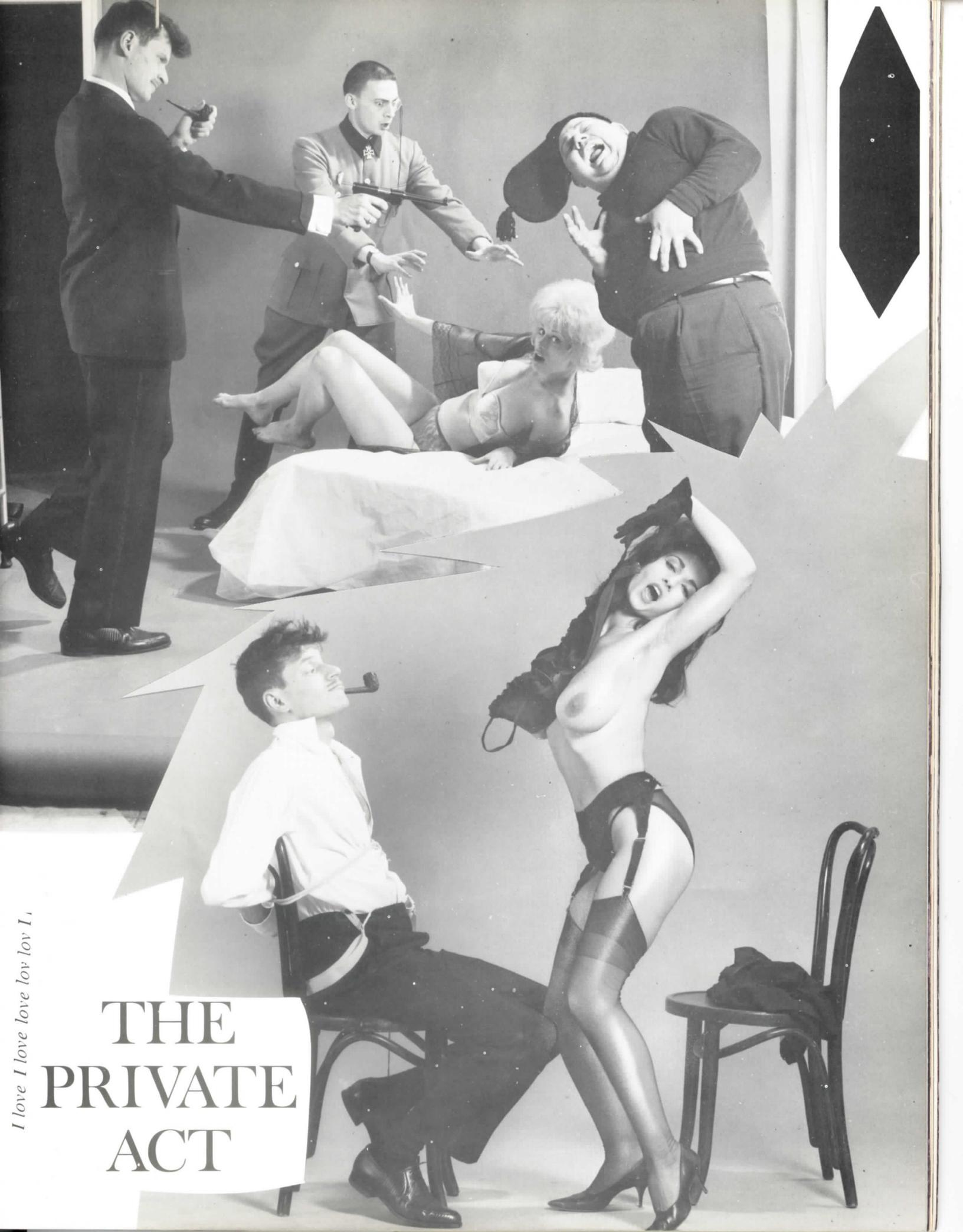


# SPIES THAT CAN'T

and freedom. Freedom, mainly—a need for direct response. I've told our writers that Flint can do anything at any time as long as it doesn't defy ordinary Newtonian physics.", Buck Houghton, producer of the pilot of *Blue Light*: "When the spy trend gets to Allen and Rossi, you can forget it; that's the end." And finally, Mort Fine, one of the producers of *I Spy*: "I'd say after this spy trend we'd go back to the romantic love stories again. We can't keep on with sex this way. I mean, you take all those dikey broads on *U.N.C.L.E.* Where is mother in all that?"

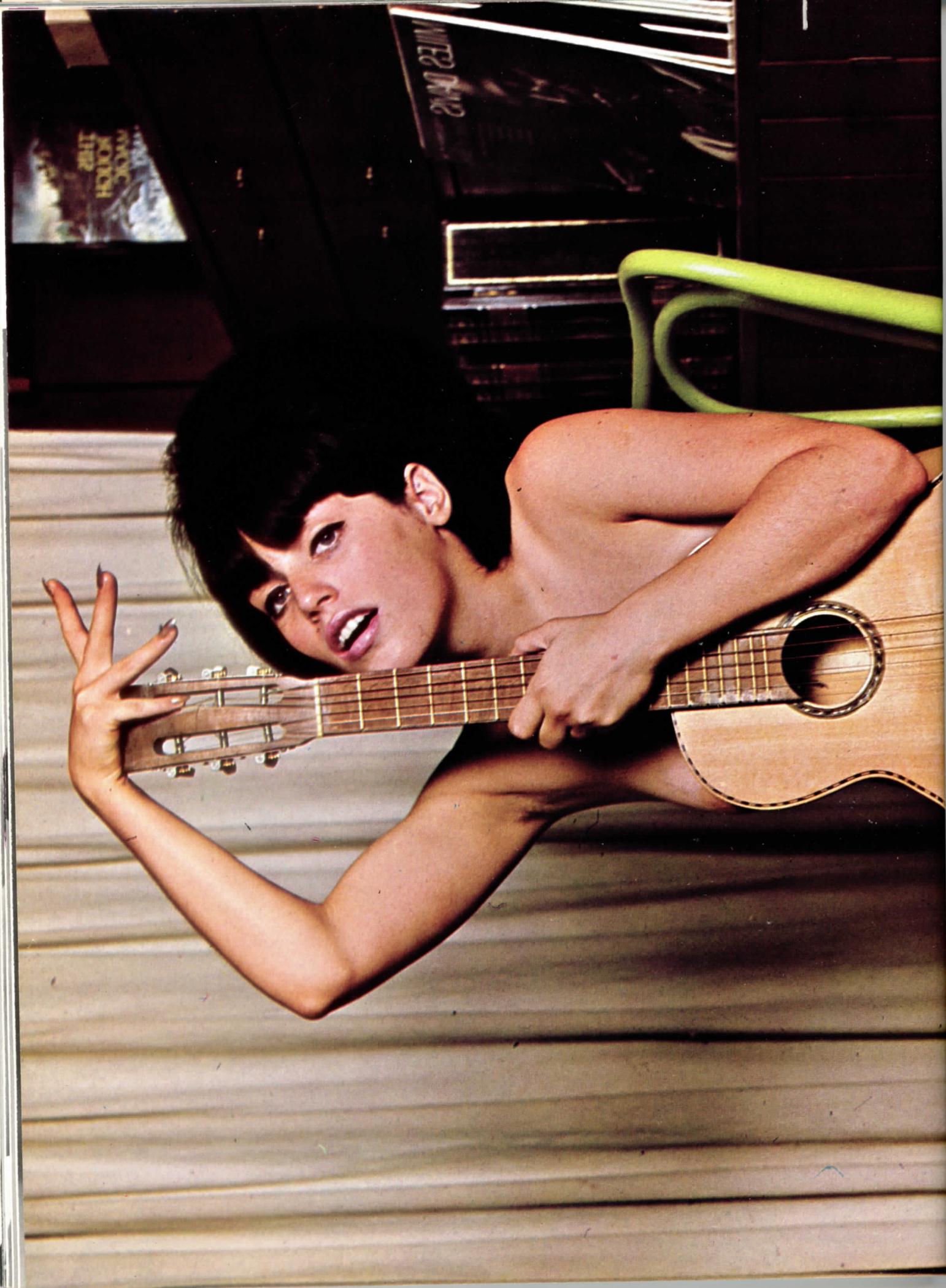


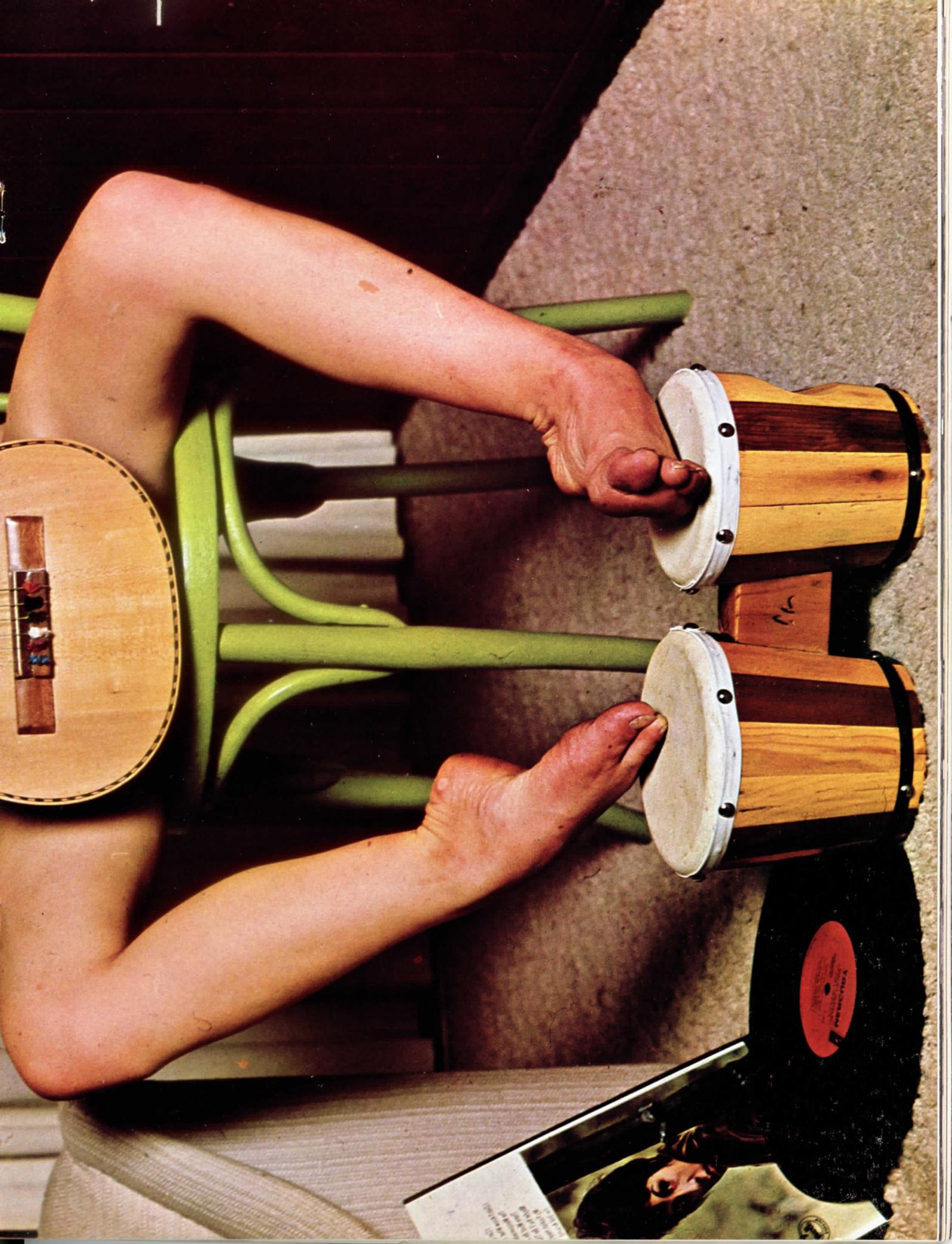
Invasion of the Body



# THE PRIVATE ACT

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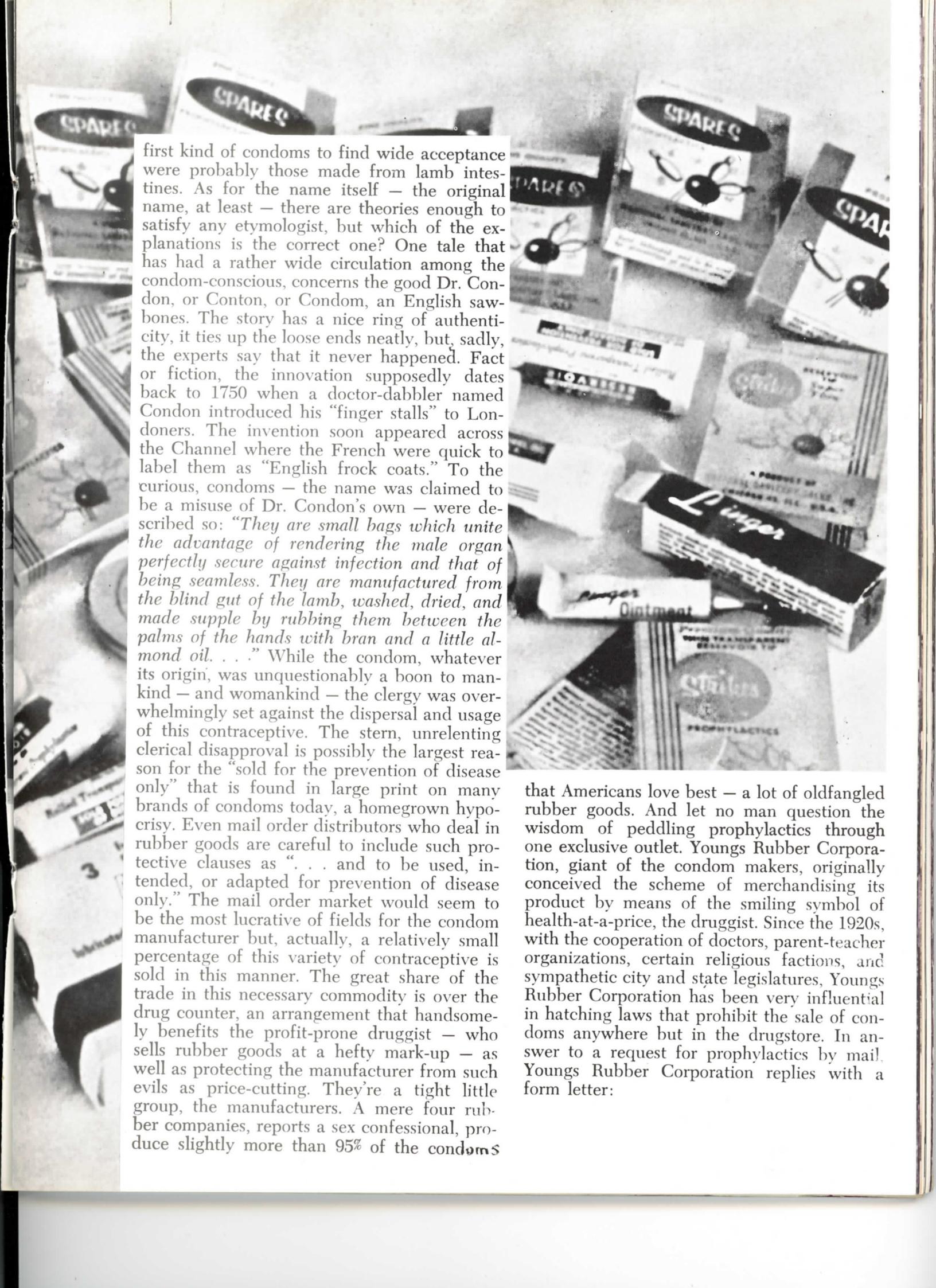
## REPORT ON RUBBER GOODS

Although the condom, a venerable manner of contraception, continues to be utilized by millions of men and boys every year, the existence of this small but rather efficient safeguard is a closely kept secret of sorts. While certain other methods of contraception are advertised in the women's magazines and the wish books — mail order catalogs — and thoroughly evaluated by the medical experts of *Reader's Digest*, the *Post*, *McCall's*, the condom, despite its wide usage, is still treated as slightly illegal merchandise in somewhat the same category as French post cards and pornographic playing cards. The friendly, cut-rate drug emporiums and even the sprawling supermarkets feature rows of the very latest methods

of practicing safe and sane sex, attractively boxed and bottled — only the rubber goods is missing from this carnival of contraceptives. Condoms, thanks to laws put in force through the extensive efforts of the major manufacturers, we must, often red-faced and heavy with embarrassment, purchase only from a white-coated, antiseptic druggist. It's one of our more baffling customs.

While several fanciful stories have been advanced to account for the origin of the "rubber," the "skin," the "French safe," its earliest application still remains a mystery to researchers. One Gabriello Fallopius, Italian and inventive, is said to have made his own pristine prophylactics from fine linen, although the





first kind of condoms to find wide acceptance were probably those made from lamb intestines. As for the name itself — the original name, at least — there are theories enough to satisfy any etymologist, but which of the explanations is the correct one? One tale that has had a rather wide circulation among the condom-conscious, concerns the good Dr. Condon, or Conton, or Condom, an English sawbones. The story has a nice ring of authenticity, it ties up the loose ends neatly, but, sadly, the experts say that it never happened. Fact or fiction, the innovation supposedly dates back to 1750 when a doctor-dabbler named Condon introduced his "finger stalls" to Londoners. The invention soon appeared across the Channel where the French were quick to label them as "English frock coats." To the curious, condoms — the name was claimed to be a misuse of Dr. Condon's own — were described so: *"They are small bags which unite the advantage of rendering the male organ perfectly secure against infection and that of being seamless. They are manufactured from the blind gut of the lamb, washed, dried, and made supple by rubbing them between the palms of the hands with bran and a little almond oil. . . ."* While the condom, whatever its origin, was unquestionably a boon to mankind — and womankind — the clergy was overwhelmingly set against the dispersal and usage of this contraceptive. The stern, unrelenting clerical disapproval is possibly the largest reason for the "sold for the prevention of disease only" that is found in large print on many brands of condoms today, a homegrown hypocrisy. Even mail order distributors who deal in rubber goods are careful to include such protective clauses as ". . . and to be used, intended, or adapted for prevention of disease only." The mail order market would seem to be the most lucrative of fields for the condom manufacturer but, actually, a relatively small percentage of this variety of contraceptive is sold in this manner. The great share of the trade in this necessary commodity is over the drug counter, an arrangement that handsomely benefits the profit-prone druggist — who sells rubber goods at a hefty mark-up — as well as protecting the manufacturer from such evils as price-cutting. They're a tight little group, the manufacturers. A mere four rubber companies, reports a sex confessional, produce slightly more than 95% of the condoms

that Americans love best — a lot of oldfangled rubber goods. And let no man question the wisdom of peddling prophylactics through one exclusive outlet. Youngs Rubber Corporation, giant of the condom makers, originally conceived the scheme of merchandising its product by means of the smiling symbol of health-at-a-price, the druggist. Since the 1920s, with the cooperation of doctors, parent-teacher organizations, certain religious factions, and sympathetic city and state legislatures, Youngs Rubber Corporation has been very influential in hatching laws that prohibit the sale of condoms anywhere but in the drugstore. In answer to a request for prophylactics by mail, Youngs Rubber Corporation replies with a form letter:

Dear Sir:

In response to your request, we are sending you this brochure featuring Youngs items to acquaint you with our Company . . . our Policy and our Products.

For more than 30 years, Youngs Rubber Corporation has manufactured the finest quality prophylactics on the market. Our production methods result in the superiority of TROJANS and our other prophylactics.

In the best interest of public health and morals, Youngs Rubber Corporation's products are sold through drug stores exclusively, for the druggist is a professional member of your community health team.

If you are further interested in any of our items, we respectfully refer you to any drug store of your choice where the pharmacist will be glad to advise you. In the event that the package of your choice is not in stock, the pharmacist can obtain it within a couple of days from his wholesaler.

Cordially yours,

YOUNGS RUBBER CORPORATION

John C. MacFarlane

President

Certainly, the last word in rubber goods, the vulcanized ultimate, is the redoubtable "French tickler," a condom, a simple run-of-the-assembly-line condom that has felt the tender touch of the artist. These brilliant monstrosities, invariably sold under the counter, are available in living, livid Technicolor, a ribald rainbow of raucous hues — pure purple, electric, electrifying blue, sickly chartreuse, ripe orange, firetruck red. And there, in that rubbery wilderness, are as many variations on the basic theme as imaginative designers and builders can come up with. Ticklers? These nuisances come in all exaggerated sizes, shapes, lengths, complete with humps, bumps, warts, rings, and ridges, gnarled by knobs, festooned with feathers. One model, king-sized, sports an extension of hard rubber, this presumably for status seekers. As for the no-

menclature of these wondrous works of art, they are as unpredictable as any French tickler. Nelson Algren's masterfully outspoken novel, *A Walk On The Wild Side*, offers the neophyte a brief but fascinating glimpse of a tickler factory, a never-never land of 100% pure latex. Here Algren's hero, Dove Linkhorn, employed for a time in a Disneyland of erotic design, dabbled among a plethora of notoriously named prophylactics: Cupid's Arrows, Ticklish Tessies, Laughing Maggies, Ding-Dong Darlings, Happy Hannahs, Barney Googles, Love's Fancies, and the truly super-duper, O-Daddy, the condom of tomorrow.

Although the "French tickler" is a comparatively new innovation among man's erotic contraptions, the practice of embellishing the male organ by various methods is centuries-old, particularly in certain Asiatic countries. Burmese

gentlemen, by means of a bit of do-it-yourself surgery, are able to attach tiny rods of ivory or metal, brushes, bristles, or whatever artificial aids seem appropriate to the sexual situation. Other decorations used by inventive lovers include a binding of goat skin, small stones or balls, the down from the feathers of birds, a goat's eyelashes. The Indian manual of manners relating to love and intimate relations, the *Kama Sutra*, lists several methods of embellishment known in India as "apadravyas." This instructive volume also mentions the same type of operation as that practiced by the

Dyaks of Borneo: ". . . when a young man pierces his lingam, he should pierce it with a sharp tool, and then continue to stand in water until the blood ceases to flow. At night, he shall engage in sexual congress, even with intensity, in order to cleanse the hole. Later he should continue to wash the hole with decoctions, and put into it small pieces of cane, thus enlarging the orifice. Into the hole thus made in the lingam, a man may put apadravyas of various forms, such as the "round," the "round on one side," "the wooden mortar," "the armlet," "the flower," "the bone of the heron," "the goad of the elephant," "the collection of eight balls," "the lock of hair," "the place where four roads meet," and others named by their forms and manners of using them. All of the apadravyas should be rough on the outside according to their requirements . . ." By comparison, the tickler, admittedly a kind of surrealistic prophylactic, seems far less spectacular. The condom, for all of its under-the-counter connotations, is merely prosaic in the company of such truly erotic paraphernalia. O

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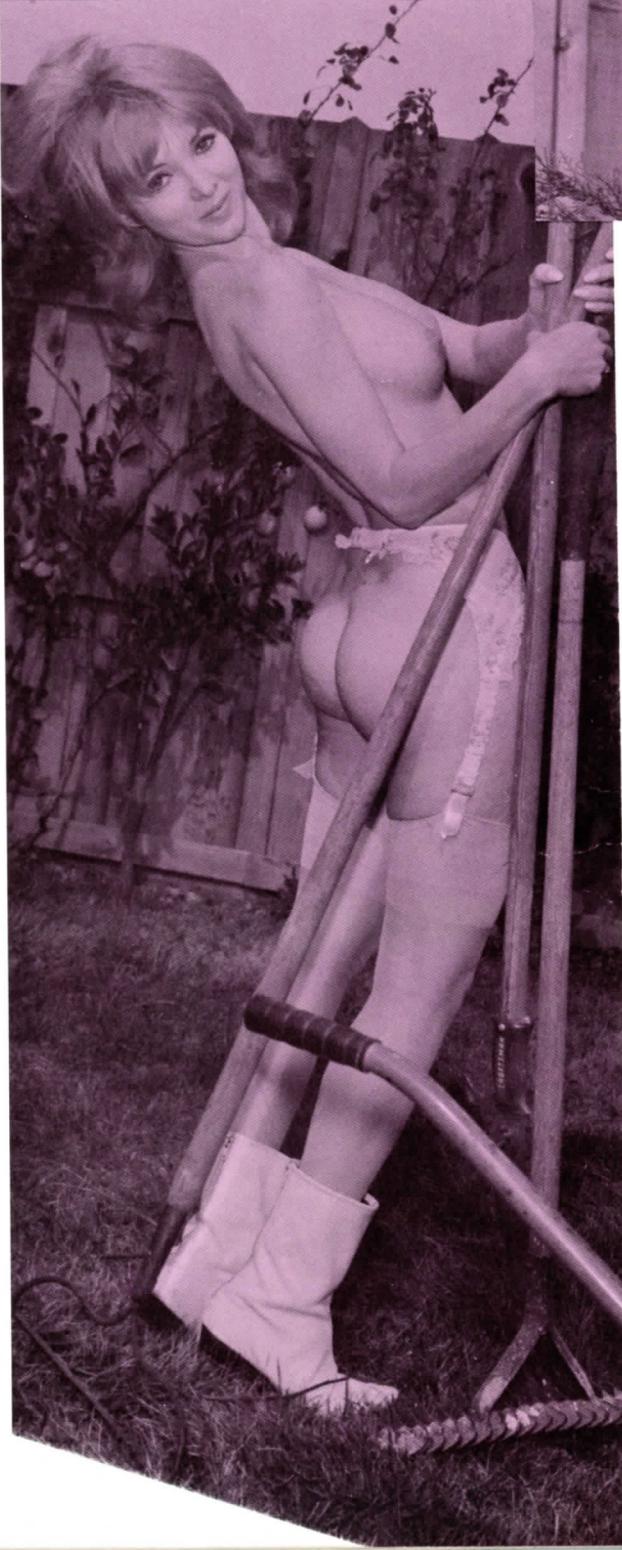
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*I was the  
catch of the  
season*

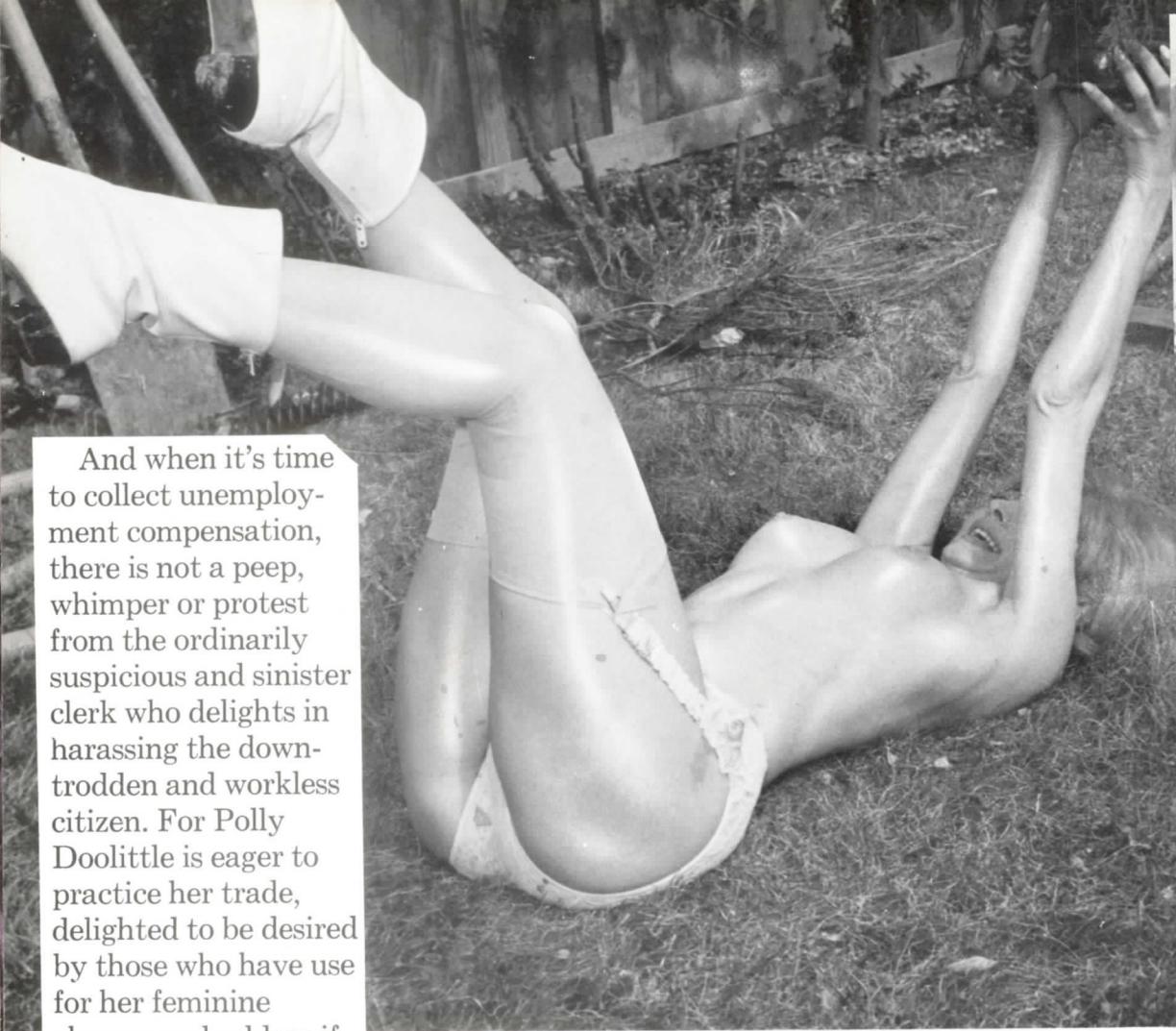
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Take the **G** from glove and you have **Love**



THERE IS A STRANGE, AWE-SOME, breathtaking beauty in gloves. On the surface, gloves serve a decorative purpose. But beneath it all, the hand that wears the glove has a powerful significance. Dating back to the days when gloves were worn by executioners to avoid soiling their hands, these coverings always inspire respect and an element of beauty which cannot be equalled. After all, a pair of naked hands cannot compare in beauty to a pair of silk, lacey-fringed doeskin lined gloves.



The earliest mention of gloves occurs in the Bible where Rebecca, in order to obtain the birthright for her son Jacob, covered his hands with skins so that his father Isaac should not recognize the younger from the elder sons. Even from the beginning, gloves had a powerful significance.

The origin of gloves may be traced back to the days when there was a want for a covering of the hands. Elegant persons of either sex would wear garments with very long and loose sleeves which would fall over the wrists and hands. The first time actual gloves were worn dates back to the 12th century. The noted authority, Planché, in his *History of British Costume* explains that after the time of Henry I, (A.D. 1135) gloves, "some short, some reaching nearly to the elbows, embroidered at the tops and jewelled at the backs if pertaining to Princes or Prelates, became frequent."

As time went on, gloves became more popular. There is a monument in Norwich Cathedral to Bishop Goldwell, representing a full-length effigy, on the hands of which may be seen gloves with jewelled backs. When Henry II died in 1189 A.D., and was buried at Fontevrault, he wore his coronation robes, golden crown as well

as his Imperial purple velvet gloves.

During the reign of Henry VIII, gloves became more elaborately embroidered. The good Queen Bess inaugurated the custom of wearing perfumed gloves — this custom was imitated by ladies and gentlemen of the Court. In the early part of the 16th century, a peculiar glove appeared — slits were cut in the fingers of the gloves in order to display the dazzling jewelled rings on the wearers' hands.

We read in Stow's *Annals* (page 868) how "milliners or haberdashers had not any gloves embroidered or trimmed with gold or silk; neither gold nor embroidered girdles and hangers, neither could they make any costly wash (fragrance) or perfume, until about the fourteenth or fifteenth year of Queen Elizabeth. The Earl of Oxford came from Italy and brought with him gloves: sweet bags, a perfumed leather jerkin and other pleasant things. In that year, the Queen had a pair of perfumed gloves trimmed only with four tufts or roses of colored silk. The Queen took such pleasure in those gloves that she was pictured with them upon her hands for many years."

Gloves have also been used as an emblem; sometimes as a love token, or as a sign of defiance. They have been presented to kings and queens by loyal subjects when visiting the houses of noblemen.

The warrior would use an iron gauntlet upon which engraving with fearsome oaths would replace the fancy jewels and dainty embroidery. Gloves were also used as weapons; a strike against the body

of an enemy could produce intense pain . . . if the gloves were made of chain mail and fringed with razor-sharp fish hooks. Early dueling enemies would start by slapping the face of the offended with a silk or leather glove.

Today, we know gloves as being tight fitting and rather utilitarian. But, let's dip back into the colorful past and examine gloves that were designed and worn for the sheer beauty of it all.

The oldest preserved gloves were probably designed in 1379 for the famed Bishop Wykeham. They are pale red color, made of crimson, purl knitted silk, embroidered on the backs and cuffs with gold. The octagon designs round the cuffs are separated by small squares of green silk; a double band of gold embroidery encircled each finger and thumb. The cuffs were lined with crimson silk. The circles on the back of the hand, with sixteen flame-pointed arms, surround a sacred monogram.

King Henry VI, in the 15th century, prized a pair of fine brown Spanish leather gloves, lined with deer skin, *tanned with the hair on*. The gauntlets reached to the elbow and could be turned down at will.

Here are some interesting dueling or battle gloves, worn by dominating soldiers, in the 15th and 16th centuries. An armoured leather glove was made of coarse buff-coloured canvas, with plates of russet iron overlapping each other riveted on strips of stout leather which were stitched to the glove itself. There are eight of these protecting plates on the back of the hand and eight more on the under side. Each plate terminates in an engraved and gilded band.

Here's an interesting tale regarding *gloves and executions* — the victim none other than Mary, Queen of Scots. Froude's *History of England*, (Vol. XII, page 332) describes the fateful event in February, 1586. The convicted Queen wore "a robe of black satin: her jacket was of black satin also looped and slashed and trimmed with velvet. After her prayers were finished, she rose and prepared." The two burly executioners offered to help her but she refused, saying, "Truly, my lords," turning with a smile to the Earls standing near, 'I never had such grooms waiting on me before!'"

"The black robe was next removed, below it was a petticoat of *crimson velvet*. The black jacket followed, and under the jacket was a body of *crimson satin*. One of her ladies handed her a pair of crimson sleeves, with which she hastily covered her arms; and thus she stood on the black scaffold, with the black figures all around her, blood-red from head to foot." It was assumed that the Queen was garbed entirely in black on entering the hall. She should have been wearing light leather gloves, embroidered with gay colours and silver lace. Froude continues, "Orders had been given that *everything* which she had worn should be immediately destroyed, that no relic should be carried off to work 'imaginary miracles' . . . beads, Paternoster, handkerchief — each article of dress *which the blood had touched* with the cloth on the block and on the scaffold, was burnt in the hall fire in the presence of the crowd."

It is assumed that the gloves she wore on the morning of the execution were not burned . . . perhaps they were removed *before*

Queen Mary knelt at the block and therefore would be untouched by the blood. Curiously, the lining of the gauntlet is of *crimson satin*, the same "blood-red" colour mentioned by Froude. The reason for the emphasis by historians upon the Queen's gloves is that the populace and nobility regarded them as being apart from other garments and worthy of special significance.

An unusual pair of leather gloves was worn by King James I in early 17th century. The back seams of the fingers were stitched with gold thread; the deep gauntlets were covered with alternate bands of red satin and gold-thread ribbon-lace, with an edging of silver tinsel, and fringed with spangled gold thread.

Gloves took a turn for the worse under the regime of Oliver Cromwell. He imposed a sturdy and workaday appearance. His own gloves were made of stout darkish grey leather, with plain stitching of the finger seams and on the back of the hands. The wide gauntlets had a heavy thick fringe of twisted brown silk. Simple, durable — but very unpopular. Small wonder that Cromwell was defeated and a return to the luxury of the royalty demanded.

What did the well-dressed lady wear in the way of gloves? One elaborate pair was made of pale warm-coloured buff leather. The stitching of the seams of the thumbs and fingers are of green silk; very fine, terminating below the knuckles in a pointed pattern. A much larger and more elaborated pattern is on the palm. The gauntlets are sewn onto the gloves, made of dark claret-coloured silk, richly embroidered with gold and

silver gimp and gold cord, also profusely spangled with silver discs. A design similar to the famed Prince of Wales' feathers, is thrice repeated on each gauntlet. A narrow band of gold lace divides the cuff from the glove.

Gloves have always had a dynamic appeal. Apart from their functional purposes, they have more erotic significances. For example, the wearer of a glove imparts an aura of authority. The "hand that wears the glove must be kissed" is a sign of obedience.

Many errant persons are often punished by a hand which wears a glove. And secreted within a glove may be very severe implements of punishment. The fact that they are hidden from sight only adds to the terrifying nature of the glove.

Gloves also serve an aphrodisiacal quality. The skin of the glove is softer, more intimate, more stimulating than the bare flesh in many instances. When a lover caresses her mate with silken or leather gloved hands, it sends electrifying waves of passion throughout his body and he responds with remarkable speed. The same hand, were it exposed, might also provoke sensations but of a different sort. That is why gloves are in a class by themselves.

In olden days, an aroused person would remove his gloves and slap the face of his opponent with the limp glove. It was an insult leading to a duel! In modern times, the aroused person doesn't bother removing the glove. It has much more power when worn! Try it and see!

The End



PUT ON  
A HAPPY  
FACE

U



Is there a girl alive who



as never envied another



ster's poise or pretty face,

d's past and future loves?





THERE'S A NEW LOOK





There are many creatures that are supposed to be at home in the water. Of course there are fish and ducks and porpoises and seals, but nobody expects to find a pretty girl standing in the middle of a heavy rain, soaked to the skin, and enjoying it. Most people would be more content with a case of pneumonia, or at least a bad cold.



There are many poems and songs about life with an umbrella. According to some of the musical numbers people seem to get their kicks singing, walking, and doing all kinds of things while the precipitation is being measured with yardsticks. But who ever heard of any song about just standing in a downpour and getting soaked to the skin?





Sally Bell could care less about getting wet. She comes from an area in northern Australia where they do things more interesting in the rain than singing and walking. In fact, where she comes from there is more rainfall in one month than most populated regions have all year. At Sally's hometown the people do everything in the rain, unless they never wish to leave their homes.



















1/2 2/2  
The Hair





